



## Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact [support@jstor.org](mailto:support@jstor.org).

feet long, by eightyone wide, affording accommodations of a very superior kind for a library, reading rooms, and a musical saloon. A stronger indication of a desire to diffuse knowledge and encourage intellectual refinement and good taste, or a more honorable testimony of a spirit of literary improvement, could not have been given. It was a remark of Mr Hinkley in his Address on the occasion of laying the corner stone of this building, 'that intelligence and virtue are the strength and beauty of a republic, and every true patriot must rejoice to witness any new means for their advancement.' Nothing could be more just, or better expressed, and while the citizens of Baltimore exhibit such tokens of their patriotism, they will build monuments, more durable than marble or brass, of their love of country and freedom, of their respect for the wise who have planned, and the brave who have defended our political and civil institutions.

---

**ART. V.**—*Johann Gottfried von Herder's sämmtliche Werke. Zur schönen Literatur und Kunst.*

*John G. Herder's complete Works, relating to Belles Lettres and the Arts.*

OF the men of letters in Germany, who contributed to elevate the reputation and improve the taste of their country, few were so distinguished for variety of attainments, industry, and the love of pure morality, as Herder. Without possessing great originality, he had still that power of genius, which gives life to acquisitions, and knew how to enrich and strengthen his mind by diligence in study and the faithful exertion of his faculties. The character of his mind was poetic; yet as nature had denied him the highest qualifications of the poet, and he was conscious of his own inability to tread firmly in the 'heaven of invention,' he contented himself with occupations suited to his capacities, taking the widest range through the literature of almost every age and nation, to which he could gain access, and returning from his excursions with noble spoils. He knew how to estimate the excellence of others; he could hold his mind aloof from the objects by which he was immediately surrounded, and enter upon the

study of a foreign work, as if he had been of the country, for which it was originally designed. Being possessed of great skill in the use of his own language, he was able to transfer into it the lighter graces no less than the severe lessons of foreign poets. To turn over some parts of his works is as to walk in a botanical garden, where the rare and precious plants of other countries, which thrive in climates the most distant and most different, are artificially yet safely collected, and planted without injury in soils suited to their natures. The ancient songs of the Scots, the pleasing ballads of the olden times in England, the little poems, which have been revived in the recent popular selections from the early English writers, the tales and canzons of the French, the Spaniards, the Italians, are many of them to be found among his works, neatly and accurately translated into the German.

But not only the beauties of the literature of the west, the finest sayings of Sadi and other oriental poets, the Greek convivial songs, the most blooming flowers from the Grecian Anthology, those odes of Horace, those poems of Persius and other Latin authors, which breathed a high moral spirit, are introduced in his pages, and either arranged in separate collections, or pleasantly interwoven amidst his criticisms, his moral reasonings, and his remarks on history and man. Indeed some of the volumes of his works may be compared to a fanciful piece of mosaic, composed of costly stones from all parts of the world, and if not always arranged in the very best taste, at least always rich in themselves, and well fitted to gratify the observer. He did more than translate. Wherever he found a beautiful idea, a just and happy image or allegory, he would seize upon it, and, giving it a form suited to his own taste, present it to the world anew. Deeply versed in biblical criticism, he often met amidst the rubbish of verbal commentators and allegorical expositors, many curious and instructive fables, narrations, proverbs, and comparisons. These he did not fail to select, to amplify and arrange, and thus put in currency again many a bright thought, which lay covered with the rust of learning, or buried under a mass of useless criticisms. He collected the ballads of the Spanish Cid, and formed of them a continued poem; he seized on ideas in the eastern as in the classic mythology, and wrought them into beautiful and instructive fictions; he se-

lected from the writings of men, whose minds had an influence on their age, the thoughts which characterised them, and thus gathered a magazine of practical wisdom. In fables, dialogues, and familiar letters, in poems and allegories, imitated, translated, or original, he alike endeavored to please and to teach lessons of goodness. It may be said of Herder, that he passed his life in tranquil industry, possessed of a delicate perception of the beautiful, cherishing in himself and others a love of learning, creating as it were anew the thoughts of the wise and good, and always employed in disseminating a knowledge of what seemed to him the elements of virtue, and cherishing and promoting whatever can improve or adorn humanity.

And what is humanity? Herder would have answered, the best part of human nature; the sum of good affections, generous dispositions, and noble principles of action, by which man is capable of being moved and guided. This idea of humanity was one, which possessed his affections and his reverence. It was the favorite subject of his thoughts, and he delighted to believe and to gather proofs, that men are becoming more and more *humane*. Others have loved to revile mankind, in the bitter spirit of satire, with the vindictive temper of misanthropy, to speak evil, not of the manners of their own times only, but of human nature, and so to deny the best and most cheering part of the creed of philanthropy. Herder had no fondness for collecting examples of human folly or crime. He felt that the world is full of beauty and excellence, and that man is the fairest and most exalted part of the visible creation, and, being by the character of his mind opposed to that cold and distrustful selfishness, which will not confide in others, he loved to warm his heart with contemplating the examples of purity and disinterested virtue, of highminded patriotism and ardent devotedness to the welfare of mankind. And he, who is conversant with Herder's writings, will be disposed to think, that the world has been rich in such examples, and that men, who have been gifted beyond measure by a bountiful and gracious Providence, have almost always associated the light of virtue with the brilliancy of genius.

Herder was the son of a poor Prussian schoolmaster. He received his literary education in Königsberg, at a time,

when the chair of philosophy in that very respectable university was filled by Kant, who, as a metaphysician, has had perhaps no rival among his countrymen but Fichte;\* and though Herder devoted himself eagerly to the study of theology, yet he was deeply interested in pursuits, connected with philosophy and elegant literature. Hardly twentyone years of age, amidst all his cares as a responsible instructor at the Gymnasium of Riga, he came before the public in 1765, with criticisms on the men and subjects, which then attracted most generally the attention of his countrymen. German literature had received a powerful impulse, and was rapidly rising; Herder felt the inspiration, which had been breathed into Klopstock and Lessing, and the other fine minds of that day, and was desirous of accomplishing his part in guiding the taste and thoughts of the public. Though so young he wrote with freedom, and considering that a public declaration of opinion must be a sincere one, he did not reason coldly on matters of taste, but communicated his ideas and sentiments with all that warmth, in which they existed in his mind. His manner was not without pretensions, but his work was obviously the production of a man, who thought clearly, pursued his end with unwavering steadiness, and expressed himself with youthful sincerity. In this he acted wisely. If a young man dares to praise and blame those, whose reputation is already established, it is his safest course to explain the impressions, which their works have made upon himself, and to tell the truth frankly. Indeed, even in despotic countries, this has appeared the least dangerous plan of action, and the least likely to give offence. ‘How shall you contrive,’ said the duke of Burgundy to the Abbè Choisy, ‘to insert in your history, that Charles the Sixth was a fool?’ ‘My Lord,’ replied he, ‘I shall say, he was a fool.’ Lewis the Fourteenth began censuring his historian, Mezerai, for delineating Lewis

\* There is no justice in considering Kant, as the only great writer on metaphysics in Germany. He was the earliest in point of time, in the new school, but Fichte has at this time certainly as many followers, and perhaps as many admirers, as the sage of Königsberg. In Fichte’s Addresses to the German nation, delivered in Berlin, many excellent, and withal some very extravagant notions on the subject of education, may be found. His little treatise on the end of man, *Ueber die Bestimmung des Menschen*, is well fitted to convey a general idea of his manner, while its doctrine will please those, who do not disregard the speculative sciences, and are not disposed to sneer at contemplative habits of thought.

the Eleventh as a tyrant. ‘Sire,’ replied he, with great humility, ‘why was he a tyrant?’ The criticisms of Herder were well received, notwithstanding their novelty and boldness, for the German public, not less than any other, is willing now and then, that new opinions should be started, and ancient prejudices be somewhat alarmed, especially if the new opinions are just ones. Lessing, whose thoughts and criticisms are always clear and discriminating, prophesied of the young scholar, that he would either become a coxcomb, or one of the greatest of the German writers. It did not long remain a question, which of these he would become. Supported by an inward consciousness of worth, and a pleasant foreboding of his future usefulness and honor, he confirmed his independence in thought and action, and soon began to enjoy the honors, which a vast nation pays to its literary benefactors, the guardians of its morals, and the patient instructors of its youth.

To one, who has not considered how much may be accomplished by uninterrupted industry, how large the prospect is, which the student may command from his seclusion, it may seem impossible, that Herder should have known so many languages, and the literature contained in them, and have known them so well. But he not only wrote on subjects connected with letters, like a man of taste and feeling, but also on subjects of theology like a man of learning. His *Letters relating to the Study of Theology* are full of instruction and good sentiments, and his work *On the Spirit of the Hebrew Poetry*, though written subsequently to the lectures of Lowth, is full of original, profound, and interesting criticism, exhibiting the majesty of the Scriptures in many new views, and illustrating the rich imagery, the brilliant and sublime thoughts and language of the ancient prophets. Herder revered the inspired men as the oracles of God, only in so far as revelations of wisdom and goodness are common to all the superior minds, with which Providence has blessed the world. Whilst these views are rejected, there still can be but one opinion of the successful effort, which he has made to vindicate the character of the Hebrew Scriptures, and illustrate their claim to admiration for the beauties of their poetry.

While yet in the vigor of early manhood, after his mind had been enlarged by travelling in his own country, and a part of France, and after having passed five years at the court of the enlightened Prince of Bückeburg, Herder was invited to accept a professorship in theology at Göttingen, a university, then and still distinguished for the learning, independence of thought, fidelity, and talent of its numerous members. His election was made ineffectual by a circumstance of rare occurrence. The reigning king of England, in the exertion of his power as king of Hanover, and Rector of the University of Göttingen, put a negative upon the appointment, because his majesty was informed, that Herder's religious opinions were not orthodox. We make no comment on such an exertion of arbitrary power. The German princes at home were far more free and more just. They recognised the truth of the fact, that religion does not suffer from freedom of inquiry, that by the conditions of our being, the elevating feelings and faith, which connect man with his Maker, appear under the most various forms, and are modified by the different circumstances of times and countries, by national character, and the diversity in the intellectual habits of all reasoning men. Herder received from the duke of Weimar an invitation to repair to his court, to be at the head of the clergy in his small but highly respectable dominions, and, what was worth more than all these honors, to be, in the walks of literature, the associate of Goethe, Wieland, and Schiller. This was a glorious triumph after his short disappointment in his earlier prospects. It was here in Weimar, that the last half of Herder's life was passed in quiet but uninterrupted activity. While he found much leisure for disseminating his own views of what is worthy of admiration or imitation, he filled a large space of active duty. Besides his labors as a preacher, and as the head of the church, he was diligently watchful over schools, and unwearied in his efforts to improve them. A volume of his works contains a collection of essays, and addresses, on subjects connected with education. It is not necessary to say, that he at all times insists on a liberal treatment of boys, and believes in the possibility of instilling into young minds a love of virtue and knowledge, a love, which fear could only check, and personal emulation corrupt. He died in 1803, in the sixtieth year of his age.

Herder's reputation as a writer rests principally upon his works in prose. His mind, we have said, was of a poetic character, yet not inventive, and his sensibility to the beautiful and his lively and busy fancy never conducted him to high original efforts in verse. In his writings in prose everything is expressed with warmth and life. His thoughts are communicated under the most various forms and images; and his style would seem gorgeous, were it not at once clear and natural. There is in it a profusion of figures, but not a display of them; he makes use of them, because it was the most natural way for him to express his thoughts. They arose under such forms in his own mind, and he communicates them, as they existed within him. But for this he could be accused of an excess of ornament; but with him comparisons and the figures of rhetoric are not the efforts of art, but natural modes of expression, and he at all times pours them forth abundantly and in an interesting manner, yet not always with elegance, or taste. Few of his works can be recommended as finished performances, or of universal interest. His philosophical reflections on the history of man are written in a solemn and contemplative mood, and exhibit, perhaps, most fairly his private character not less than his merits as a writer. The influence of Herder on his age was wide, and entirely beneficial to the best interests of our race; he has been extensively read and admired, and always with results beneficial to morals and sentiments of philanthropy. A place cannot be assigned him among the great lights of the world; but he bore a high rank among his contemporaries, and was a blessing and an honor to his age.

We return from these general criticisms, to say a few words on a work, which Herder designed, and to a certain extent was enabled to execute. In 1778 and 1779 he undertook to collect, and faithfully transfer to his own language the most beautiful and most popular songs of all nations, and thus by comparing the national feelings of different ages and races to exhibit distinctly the common features of human nature. The noblest bards were to be assembled, and each to express the spirit of the people to which he belonged, so that from the most various national tones, the harmony of all with one common nature might be apparent. It was a noble idea, thus to assemble the representatives of popular feeling from all parts



of the world and all periods of history, that they might unite in bearing testimony to humanity, the affections, and moral rectitude.

Among the poems thus selected there are many of exquisite beauty and intrinsic value ; but for the most part they are curious, as specimens of the literature of the respective nations, to which their authors belonged. We should be glad to enter into a comparison of the several poems, were not the subject so extensive a one. Instead, therefore, of undertaking anything so arduous, we will only ask leave, before parting from our readers, to quote one or two songs, which, perhaps, have hardly merit enough to amuse a few moments of their leisure. They are by authors of different countries, neither of whom has ever before been mentioned in our pages.

The first is from *Rist*, a man of some consideration in his time. He lived from 1607 to 1667, wrote many hymns, and knew how to express commonplace thoughts in correct language. His works are now quite forgotten. Yet Herder thought one of his songs worth preserving. It follows.

TO A FLOWER.

That thou bloomest in colors the fairest,  
That the sun paints the robe thou wearest,  
That thou 'rt splendid in purple and gold,  
Can my Rose without envy behold.

That the bee so often caresses thee,  
That the sick man so often blesses thee,  
And physicians report thou canst heal,  
This my Rose hath no wish to conceal.

For in these and in all things beside,  
Her perfection can laugh at thy pride ;  
Thou art first of the flowers of the field ;  
All that 's created to Rose must yield.

Thy fair clothes will wither away ;  
Thy bright hues—of what use are they ?  
Oft lurks poison thy leaves beneath ;  
Oft thy juices lead to death.

What is beauty, that cannot speak ?  
What are flowers, which any may break ?  
What is grace, that can sing no song ?  
Nothing to Rose, to whom hearts belong.

What makes heaven of earthly hours,  
What in beauty surpasses the flowers,  
What with Philomel's voice may compare,  
What is purer than pearls and more rare,

What hath friendliness' winning art,  
What by virtue can quicken the heart,  
What hath charms, that never will fade,  
Makes my Rose a faultless maid.

These verses are translated in the rhythm of the original, and with the exception of two or three lines are literally rendered. The following little Anacreontic song is by Meli, a Sicilian professor of chemistry. We find his works collected and published in five volumes at Palermo, 1785. Meli is, we believe, universally regarded as the happiest of the Sicilian poets. Several of his pieces are charming. The one, which we cite, is on the lip of his mistress.

A SICILIAN SONG.

Tell me, whither art thou going,  
Where so early, little bee ?  
Still no beam of day is glowing  
On the hills so near to thee.

Still the dews of night are sparkling  
Everywhere along the wold ;  
Heed thee, lest thou injure, darkling,  
Thy wee wings, so fine with gold.

See, the languid flowers are sleeping,  
Pillow mid the leaves their heads,  
Softly closed their eyelids keeping,  
Rest upon their downy beds.

But still onwards thou art flying,  
Onwards still, and far away ;  
Tell me, whither art thou hying,  
Little bee, thus ere the day ?

Is 't for honey ? Why this fleetness ?  
Shut thy wings, and haste no more,  
I will show thee, where its sweetness  
Rests in unexhausted store.

Little wanderer, hast thou never  
 Seen my Nice's beauteous eyes?  
 On her lips there's honey ever;  
 Sweetness there forever lies.

On the lip of her, the fairest,  
 On my lovely maiden's lip,  
 There is honey, purest, rarest,  
 Thither come and freely sip.

This song is found in the first volume of Meli's poetic works. Another entitled *Li Capiddi*, in the same volume, is exceedingly lively, and a favorite with the Italians.

ART. VI.—*Mémoires pour servir à la Vie du Général Lafayette et à l'Histoire de l'Assemblée constituante, rédigés par M. REGNAULT-WARIN.* A Paris 1824. 2 vols. 8vo.

*Memoirs of the Life of Gilbert Motier Lafayette.* By GEN. H. L. VILLAUME DUCOUDRAY HOLSTEIN, who contributed, under the fictitious Name of Peter Feldmann, to his Liberation from the Prisons of Olmütz. Translated from the French Manuscript. New York. 1824. 12mo. pp. 305.

AMONG the many publications which have recently appeared concerning General Lafayette, both in Europe and in this country, we have selected those by M. Regnault-Warin and General Ducoudray Holstein, as the most prominent. We are sorry, however, to find that both of them are very deficient and imperfect; unworthy of the subject to which they are devoted, and unable to give any becoming impression of the times in which Lafayette lived and has borne so important a part.

The work of M. Regnault-Warin is a clumsy, ill digested book, which forms one of a cumbrous series of similar publications, now coming from the press in France, and devoted to the French Revolution. It is called *Memoirs of Lafayette*; but is in fact anything rather than a Biography. It is filled principally with political discussions written in a bad style, and with a tendency, which it is not always easy to understand;